Enters a knight with two or three Gentlemen.

Knig. Endangered so his wife? murdered his children?

4. *Gen.* So the Cry comes.

Kni, I am sorry I ere knew him,
That euer he took life and naturall being
From such an honoured stock, and fair discent;
Til this black minut without staine or blemish:

4 *Gent.* Here come the men.

Enter the master of the colledge and the rest, with the prisoner.

Kni. The serpent of his house? Ime sorry for this time that I am in place of iustice.

Mr. Please you Sir.

Kni. Doe not repeate it twice I know too muche, would it had nere byn thought on;
Sir I bleede for you.

4 *Gent.* Your fathers sorrows are aliue in me:
What made you shew such monstrous crueltie?

Hu. In a worde Sir,
I hane cousumd all, plaid awaie long acre,
And I thought it the charitablest deed I could doe
To cussen beggery: and knock my house oth head.

Kni. Oh in a cooler bloud you will repent it.

Hus. I repent now, that ones left vnkild,
My brat at nurse. Oh I would ful fain haue weand him

Knigh. Well, I doe not think but in to morrowes iudgement.
The terror will sit closer to your soule,

When

When the dread thought of death remembers you
to further which, take this sad voice from me:
Neuer was act plaid more vnnaturally.

Hus. I thank you Sir.

Kni. Goe leade him to the Iayle,
Where iustice claimes all, there must pitty faile.

Hus. Come come, awaie with me. *Exit prisoner.*

Mr. Sir, you deserue the worship of your place,
Would all did so: in you the law is grace,

Kni. It is my wish it should be so,
Ruinous man, the desolation of his howse, the blot
Vpon his predecessors honord name:
That man is neerest shame that is past shame. *Exit.*

Enter Husband with the officers, The Maister and gentlemen as going by his house.

Hu. I am right against my howse, seat of my Ancestors: Iheare my wif's aliue; but much endangered:
Let me intreat to speak with her
before the prison gripe me.

Enter his wife brought in a chaire.

Gent. See heer she comes of her selfe,

Wi. Oh my sweete Hus-band, my deere distressed husband, now in the hands of vnrelenting lawes,
My greatest sorrow, my extremest bleeding,
Now my soule bleeds,

Hu. How now? kind to me? did I not wound thee, left thee for dead.

Wife. Tut farre greater wounds did my brest feele,
Vnkindnes strikes a deeper wound then steele,

You